Whispers on Beaded Strings

Poems of Our Lady's Rosary

By Dan Parfait

Whispers on Beaded Strings:

Poems of Our Lady's Rosary

Artwork and poetry by Dan R Parfait © 2026

This text is NOT instructions for how to pray the Rosary, rather the poems that follow are meditations on the Mysteries of the Rosary, contemplated not merely as events in sacred history, but as living realities that shape the soul. Each mystery-Joyful, Luminous, Sorrowful, and Glorious —unfolds the drama of redemption through the hidden life, public ministry, Passion, and triumph of Our Lord, seen through the contemplative gaze of His Mother. These verses are offered as aids to prayer, inviting the reader beyond recitation into recollection. May they deepen devotion, steady the imagination, and draw your heart more fully into the rhythm of grace.

Dan R Parfait

JOYFUL

The Annunciation

Humble Mary, pure and still,
Hears the angel's holy will.
"Be it done," her heart replies,
God's own Son in her shall rise.

The Visitation.

Mary hastes toElizabeth,
Love and joy in every breath.
John leaps high, the womb's delight,
Grace unites them in God's sight.

The Nativity

In a manger, cold and bare,
Christ is born, our hope to share.
Stars above and shepherds sing,
Glory to the newborn King.

The Presentation

Simeon holds the promised Light,
Anna praises in the night.
In the temple, hearts align,
God's salvation, pure divine.

Finding of Jesus in the Temple

Lost, then found, the boy of twelve,
In His Father's house He dwells.
Mary ponders, heart sincere,
God's own wisdom lingers here.

SORROWFUL

The Agony in the Garden

Sweat like blood in moonlit prayer,
Jesus bears the weight of care.
"Father, Thy will be," He cries,
Strength through anguish shall arise.

The Scourging at the Pillar

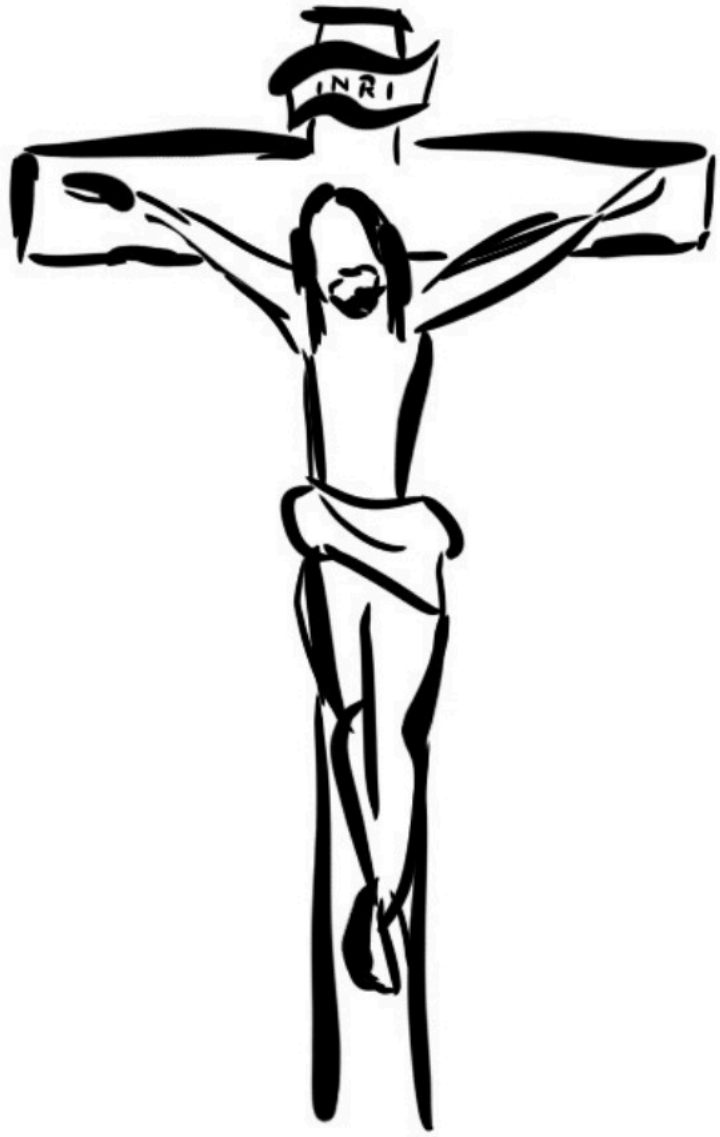
Lashes tear His sacred skin,
Love endures the pain of sin.
Silent, strong, He takes the blows,
Mercy through His suffering flows.

The Crowning with Thorns

Thorns that mock now crown the King,
Cruel the taunts and barbs that sting.
Yet His gaze holds love supreme,
Royal grace in pain's extreme.

The Carrying of the Cross

Heavy wood on shoulders torn,
Jesus stumbles, yet is borne.
Cross of love, He bears our shame,
Path to glory through the flame.



The Crucifixion

Nailed to cross, He breathes His last,
Sins forgiven, shadows past.
"Into Thy hands…" His final plea,
Death's defeat for you and me.

LUMINOUS

The Baptism of Jesus

Jordan's waters, Spirit's flight,
Dove descends in holy light.
"Beloved Son," the heavens say,
Christ begins His saving way.

The Wedding at Cana

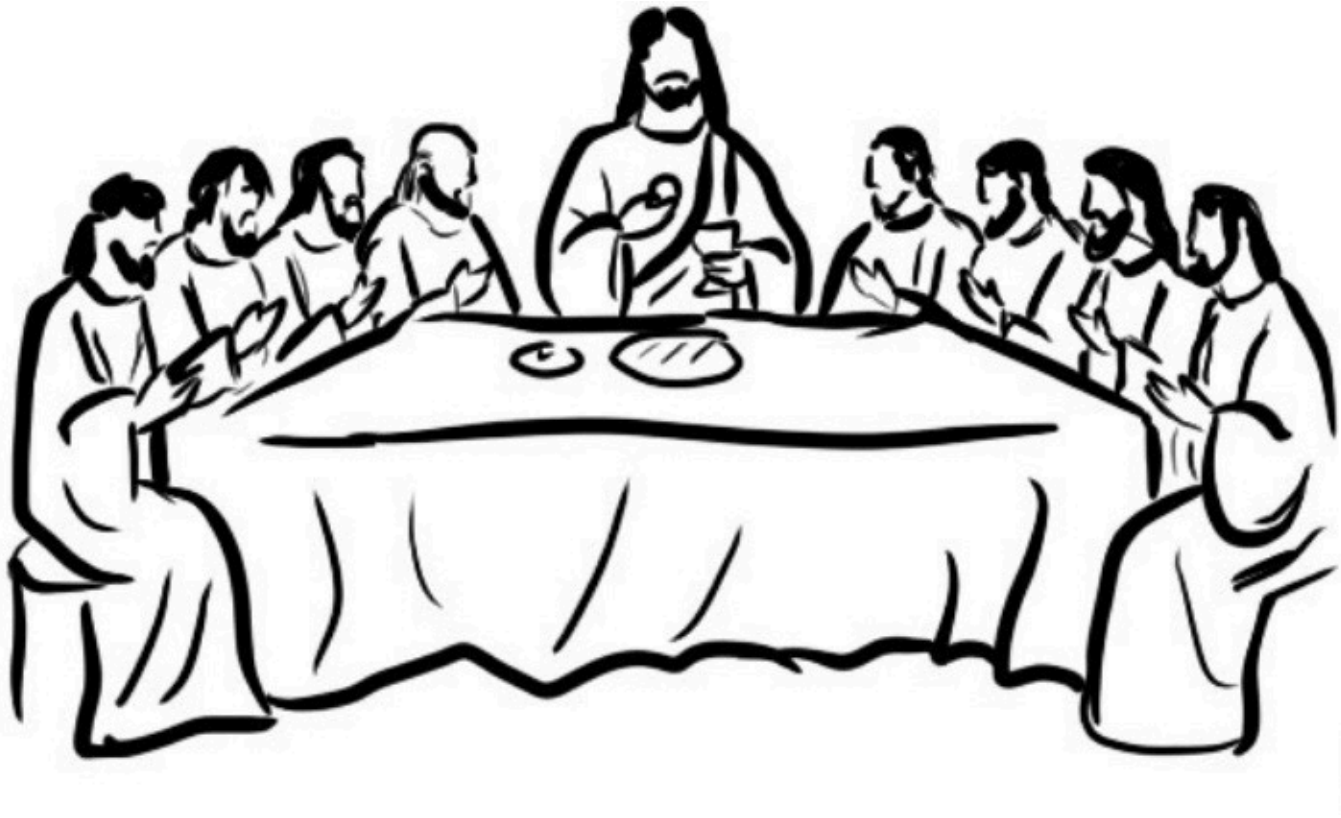
Water turns to wine so fine,
At her word, His power divine.
Mary points to Christ alone,
"Do whatever He makes known."

The Proclamation of the Kingdom

"Repent, believe," the Savior calls,
Breaking chains where darkness falls.
Kingdom near, His mercy wide,
Hearts transformed where love abides.

The Transfiguration

On the mount, His glory shines,
Face like sun, His light divine.
Moses, Elijah, voices clear,
"Listen to Him," disciples hear.



The Institution of the Eucharist

Bread and wine, His body, blood,
Gift of love in sacred flood.
At the table, Christ remains,
Life eternal in His veins.

Glorious

The Resurrection

Empty tomb at break of dawn,

Death's dark grip forever gone.

Christ arises, radiant, free,

Life eternal, victory.

The Ascension

Up to heaven, Christ ascends,
Glory where His reign extends.
"Go, make disciples, He decrees,
Spirit's promise comforts these.

The Descent of the Holy Spirit

Tongues of fire, hearts ablaze,

Spirit fills with truth and grace.

Apostles bold, they speak, they roam,

Church is born to call us home.

The Assumption

Mary, pure, to heaven raised,
Mother of our Savior, praised.
Body, soul, in glory bright,
Queen who guides us to the light.

The Coronation

Crowned with stars, her reign begins,
Queen o'er heaven, free from sins.
Mary intercedes above,
Leading us to Christ's own love.